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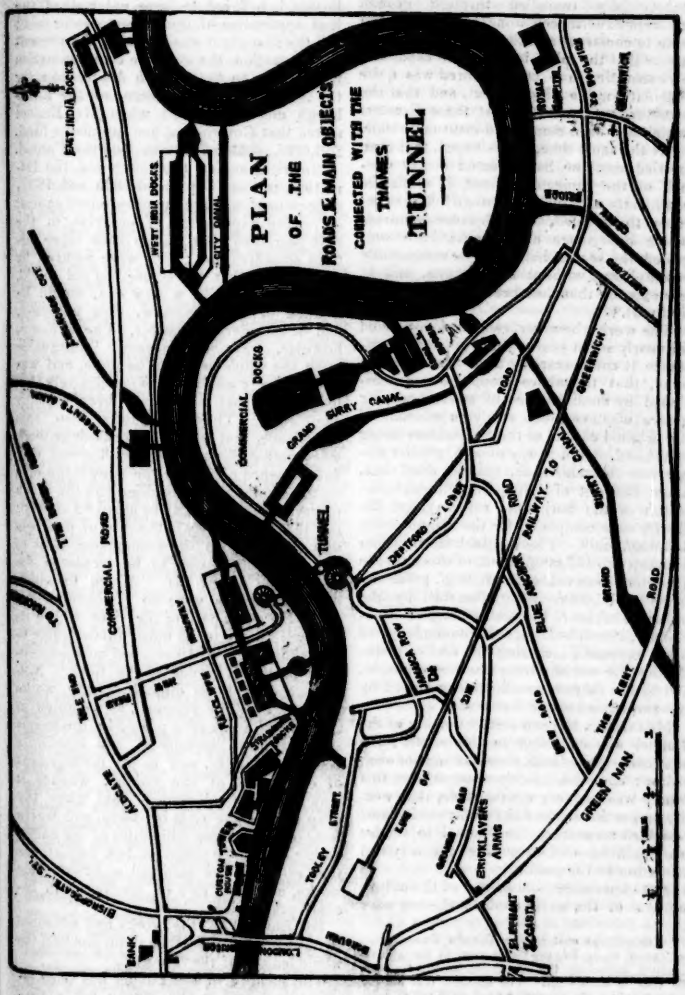
## THE THAMES TUNNEL.—III.



## THE THAMES TUNNEL.—III.

At page 178 of the present volume, our narrative left the works suspended, but with some prospect of their being resumed by the liberality of the public, in July, 1828. Disastrous as the two irruptions of the river had been, the fact of 600 feet having been substantially tunnelled through ground wherein experienced miners had not been able to construct a drain—served to demonstrate that the plan by which so capacious an excavation had been secured was quite efficient for the whole object, and that the structure was proof against those disasters which had been considered insurmountable.

At the same time, it was urged, that if an untried machine had effected nearly one-half of the projected labour, it might be confidently anticipated, that with the experience then gained, and with those resources which experience alone could have suggested, the second half could be successfully accomplished without interruption, and at less expense than had been incurred for the first part.*

The works, however, remained suspended for nearly seven years; from which circumstance it could scarcely have been kept in mind, that the above stoppage was occasioned by no difficulties of an engineering nature whatever, but solely on account of the original capital of the Subscribers being exhausted. And it was of still greater importance to remember, that at that time, about 599 out of 1,300 feet, (the extreme length of the horizontal roadway, and the shaft,) were completed for the sum of about 120,000*l.* only. The original subscription amounted to 182,000*l.*; but, of this sum the Directors received only 182,000*l.*; the balance of 62,000*l.* being absorbed by the purchase of land, the cost of engines, machinery, stores, buildings, Parliamentary and other expenses, including the cost of maintaining the works during their suspension, and by the extra expenditure occasioned by the two irruptions of the river.†

Meanwhile, the completed portion of the Tunnel was exhibited to the public; the admission-money being one shilling for each visitor: and, although the income from this source was not very considerable, it is worthy of mention to show that sufficient interest remained respecting the Tunnel to render it an exhibition of unceasing curiosity and attraction to the public.†

The experience now gained of the nature and cost of the work enabled the engineer to form a practical basis on which to found an estimate for the execution of the remaining half of the Tunnel: this was admitted to be a sound basis for the calculation by successive administrations, to whom application was made for an advance of Exchequer Bills, to enable the company to proceed with the undertaking. The Duke of Wellington is believed to have entertained the first application of the Directors for aid; but the first grant was made by the present administration, the welcome communication being made to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the Edinburgh meeting in 1834, when Mr. Brunel stated that Government had supplied a fund, 250,000*l.*, sufficient to complete the Tunnel.

Notwithstanding this timely aid, the Directors, in their Reports of 1835 and 1836, endeavoured to guard the proprietors against an undue expectation of progress in the first year, and they did so from three distinct considerations: they were assured by Mr. Brunel that to remove the old shield, and replace it with a new one, would be a work of great expense, slow progress, and of considerable danger. The expense, however, was only properly chargeable upon the whole work to be done, and was not to be considered as exclusively belonging to that which had been recently completed. They were aware also from experience, that when this hazardous work was completed, (as it was with great skill and presence of mind,) the knowledge of a vast and complicated machine and the mode of working it could only be acquired slowly; and that hence delay in the rate of progress was incidental to the recommencement of the works, and was to be expected for some time afterwards. Added to which these difficulties were to be encountered under the deep part of the river, where its bed was known to be most unfavourable to the labours of the miners, and most susceptible of the influence of the tides. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the works were successfully resumed, as we noted in the *Mirror*, vol. xxviii. page 54: the miners soon acquired confidence, and familiarity with their duties, and in the management of every part of the Shield: whence it may be fairly anticipated, that when the deep part of the river is passed, and where none of the greater difficulties of the undertaking may make speed of less importance than safety to the men and security to the works, a quicker rate of progress will become practicable.

By June, 1836, the works had advanced to upwards of 240 feet, or about one half the whole length of the Tunnel.

The locality of the Tunnel has been already described in the *Mirror*, vol. xxviii., p. 386; but the annexed Plan will more clearly show the situation of the Tunnel

* The average cost of the Thames Tunnel does not exceed 6*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* per cubic yard of the ground removed, including the structure, which contains 960 rods of brickwork. The average cost of the driftway is 16*l.* 10*s.* per cubic yard, with only 7 rods of brickwork.

† See Mirror, vol. xxvii., p. 160; and present volume, p. 208.

with reference to the roads and main objects connected with it.

*The distance from*

London Bridge along Tooley-street is 2 miles.
The Great Kent Road . . . 1 and a half.
Greenwich Church by Deptford Creek, 2 and a quarter
Mile End Turnpike . . . 1 and a quarter
The Bank of England . . . 2

To facilitate access to the Tunnel for the large population in its immediate neighbourhood, it is intended to make the carriage descents circular; and they will not exceed in any part the slope of Ludgate Hill, Waterloo Place, or Pall Mall.

## The Sketch-book.

NORTH AMERICA; BY AN AMERICAN.

WHAT nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government, so complicated, so full of checks and balances, over such a vast extent of territory, with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously! I go within the walls of the capital at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes, I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-four nations, nations in many senses they may be called, that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe, all speaking one language—all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm—the love and glory of our common country—even if parties do exist, and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise. I take my map, and I mark from whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude, too—in the fairest portion of North America! What a variety of climate—and then what a variety of production! What a stretch of sea-coast, on two oceans—with harbours enough for all the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, surveyed and unsurveyed, of extinguished and unextinguished Indian titles within the States and Territories, and without estimated, in the aggregate, to be 1,090,871,753 acres, and to be worth the immense sum of 81,363,589,69—seven hundred and fifty millions of acres of which are without the bounds of the States and the Territories, and are yet to make new States and to be admitted into the Union! Our revenue, now, from the sales, is over five millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is already more than extinguished—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the War of Independence, again not ingloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land,—and now we have a population of over thirteen millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail. For example, a Senator in Congress, from Louisiana, has just arrived in Washington. Twenty days of his journey he passed in a steam-boat on inland waters, moving not so rapidly, perhaps, as other steam-boats move, in deeper waters, but constantly moving, at a quick pace too, day and night. I never shall forget the rapture of a traveller, who left the green parks of New Orleans early in March; that land of the orange and olive, then teeming with verdure, freshness and life, and, as it were, mocking him with the midsummer of his own northern home. He journeyed leisurely toward the region of ice and snow, to watch the budding of the young flowers, and to catch the breeze of the Spring. He crossed the Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne; he ascended the big Tombeckbee in a comfortable steam-boat. From Tuscaloosa, he shot athwart the wilds of Alabama, over Indian grounds, that bloody battles have rendered ever memorable. He traversed Georgia, the Carolinas, ranged along the base of the mountains of Virginia; and for three months and more, he enjoyed one perpetual, one unvarying, ever-coming Spring—that most delicious season of the year; till, by the middle of June, he found himself in the fogs of the Passamaquoddy, where tardy summer was even then hesitating whether it was time to come. And yet he had not been off the soil of his own country! The flag that he saw on the summit of the fortress, on the lakes near New Orleans, was the like of that which floated from the staff on the hills of Fort Sullivan, in the easternmost extremity of Maine; and the morning gun that startled his slumbers, among the rocky battlements that defy the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy, was not answered till many minutes after, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps, the embankments, the cane-brakes of the Father of Waters, on whose muddy banks the croaking alligator displayed his ponderous jaws; the cotton-fields, the rice-grounds of the low southern country, and the vast fields of wheat and corn in the regions of the mountains, were far, far behind him: and he was now in a Hyperborean land—where nature wore a rough and surly aspect, and a cold soil and a cold clime, drove man to launch his bark upon the ocean, to dare wind and wave, and to seek from the deep, in fisheries, and from freights, the treasures his own home will not give him. Indeed, such a journey as this, in one's own country, to an inquisitive mind, is worth all "the tours of Europe." If a young American, then, wishes to feel the full importance of an American Congress, let him make such a journey. Let him stand on the levee at New Orleans and count the number and the tiers of American vessels that there lie, four, five,

and six thick, on its long embankment. Let him hear the puff, puff, puff, of the high-pressure steam-boats, that come sweeping in almost every hour, perhaps from a port two thousand miles off, from the then frozen winter of the North, to the full burning summer of the South—all inland navigation; fleets of them under his eye—splendid boats too, many of them, as the world can show; with elegant rooms, neat berths, spacious saloons, and a costly piano, it may be—so that travellers of both sexes can dance or sing their way to Louisville, as if they were on a party of pleasure. Let him survey all these, as they come in with products from the Red River, twelve hundred miles in one direction, or from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, two thousand miles in another direction, from the western tributaries of the vast Mississippi, the thickets of the Arkansas, or White River; from the muddy, far-reaching Missouri, and its hundreds of branches: and then in the East, from Illinois, the Ohio, and its numerous tributaries—such as the Tennessee, the Cumberland, or the meanest of which, such as the Sandy River, on the borders of Kentucky—that will in a freshet fret and roar, and dash, as if it were the Father of Floods, till it sinks into nothing, when embosomed in the greater stream, and there acknowledges its own insignificance. Let him see "the Broad Horns," the adventurous flat-boats of western waters, on which—frail bark!—the daring backwoodsman sallies forth from the Wabash, or rivers hundreds of miles above, on a voyage of Atlantic distance, with hogs, horses, oxen, and cattle of all kinds on board; corn, flour, wheat,—all the products of rich western lands; and let him see them, too, as he rides the strong current of the Mississippi, as if the wood on which he floated was realizing the fable of the Nymphs of Ida—goddesses, instead of pines. Take the young traveller where the clear, silvery waters of the Ohio become tinged with the mud from the Missouri, and where the currents of the mighty rivers run apart for miles, as if indignant at the strange embrace. Ascend with him farther, to St. Louis, where, if he looks upon the map, he will find that he is about as near the east as the west, and that soon, the emigrant, who is born on the wave of population that now beats at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and anon will overleap its summits—will speak of him as he now speaks of New England, as far in the east. And then tell him that far west as he is, he is but at the beginning of steam navigation; that the Mississippi itself is navigable six or seven hundred miles upward; and that steam-boats have actually gone on the Missouri two thousand one hundred miles above its mouth, and that they *can go* five hundred miles farther still! Take him, then, from this land where the woodsman is levelling the forest every hour, across the rich prairies of Illinois, where civilization is throwing up towns and villages, pointed with the spire of the church, and adorned with the college and the school—then athwart the flourishing fields of Indiana, to Cincinnati, well called "the Queen of the West"—a city of thirty thousand inhabitants with paved streets, numerous churches, flourishing manufactories, and an intelligent society, too—and this in a State with a million of souls in it now, that has undertaken gigantic public works; where the fierce savages, even within the memory of the young man, made the hearts of their parents quake with fear—roaming over the forests, as they did, in unbridled triumph, wielding the tomahawk in terror, and ringing the war-whoop like demons of vengeance let loose from below! Show him our immense inland seas, from Green Bay to Lake Ontario; not inconsiderable oceans, encompassed with fertile fields. Show him the public works of the Empire State, as well as those of Pennsylvania—works, the wonder of the world, such as no people in modern times have ever equalled. And then introduce him to the busy, humming, thriving population of New England, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Switzerland of America, to the northern lakes and wide sea-coast of Maine. Show him the industry, energy, skill, and ingenuity of these hardy people, who let not a rivulet run, nor a puff of wind blow, without turning it to some account; who mingle in every thing, speculate in every thing, and dare every thing wherever a cent of money is to be earned; whose lumbermen are found not only in the deepest woods of the snowy and fearful wilds of Maine, throwing up sawmills on the lone waterfalls, and making the woods ring with their hissing music, but found, too, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and coming also on mighty rafts of deal from every eastern tributary of the wild St. John, Meduxnekeag, and Aroostook, streams whose names geographers hardly know. And then, too, as if this were not enough, they turn their enterprise and form companies "to log and lumber," even on the Ocmulgee and Oconee of the State of Georgia; and on this day they are actually found in the Floridas, there planning similar schemes, and as there are no waterfalls, making steam impel their saws. Show him the banks of the Penobscot, now studded with superb villages—jewels of places, that have sprung up like magic.

Show him the hundreds and hundreds of coasters that run up every creek and inlet of tide-water there, at times left high and dry, as if the ocean would never float them more: and then lift him above considerations of a mercenary character, and show him how New England-men are perpetuating

their high character and holy love of liberty —and how, by neat and elegant churches, that adorn every village—by comfortable school-houses, that appear every two miles, or oftener, upon almost every road, free for everybody—high-born, and low-born,—by academies and colleges, that thicken even to an inconvenience; by asylums and institutions, munificently endowed, for the benefit of the poor:—and see, too, with what generous pride their bosoms swell when they go within the consecrated walls of Faneuil Hall, or point out the heights of Bunker Hill, or speak of Concord, or Lexington.

Give any young man such a tour as this —the best he can make—and I am sure his heart will beat quick, when he sees the proud spectacle of the assemblage of the representatives of all these people, and all these interests, within a single hall. He will more and more revere the residue of those patriots, who not only left us such a heritage, won by their sufferings and their blood, but such a constitution—such a government here in Washington, regulating all our national concerns—but who have also, in effect, left us twenty-four other governments, with territory enough to double them by-and-by—that regulate all the minor concerns of the people, acting within their own sphere; now, in the winter, assembling within their various capitals, from Jefferson city, on Missouri, to Augusta, on the Kennebeck; from the capital on the Hudson, to the government house on the Mississippi. Show me a spectacle more glorious, more encouraging, than this, even in the pages of all history; such a constellation of free States, with no public force, but public opinion, moving by well regulated law, each in its own proper orbit, around the brighter star in Washington; thus realizing, as it were, on earth, almost practically, the beautiful display of infinite wisdom, that fixed the sun in the centre, and sent the revolving planets on their errands. God grant it may end as with them!—*Portland Sketch Book.*

## Fine Arts.

### THE ART-UNION.

A Prospectus is now in circulation for establishing a Society for the Advancement of the Fine Arts, by the purchase of selected works, for distribution amongst the subscribers.

This mode of encouraging Art, by purchasing works, to be distributed among the subscribers, is neither novel in principle, nor untried in practice: institutions founded on such a plan have attained a firm footing in France and in Germany; have been introduced with great success into Scotland, and also, more recently, into this country.

Experience has already supplied not a little evidence of the usefulness of Art-Unions. Of those of Germany, Baron Von Klenze, the celebrated architect of the King of Bavaria, says—"They act as a very great encouragement to Art, in those branches more especially which do not receive the encouragement of the Government;" and Dr. Waagen, Director of the Berlin Gallery, assures us that the Art-Union of that city which collects 1,200*l.* annually by a Subscription equal to fifteen shillings of our money, "is highly instrumental in spreading good works of Art throughout the country, and gives so much satisfaction that eight others on a smaller scale, have been established in the Prussian provinces: while similar Institutions have also arisen in Bavaria, Saxony, Wirtemberg, and Hanover, by which the feeling for and interest in the Arts have been extended in an extraordinary degree." Similar results have attended the establishment of the "Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts" in Edinburgh. In its first year it raised 700*l.*, and last year, no less than 1,270*l.*; and was enabled not only to purchase the finest works exhibited by the Scottish Academy, but also to devote a certain sum towards the engraving of one of the best pictures so purchased.

But the plan which the Committee of the Art-Union has determined on adopting as the basis of its first year's operations, differs in an important particular from those both of Germany and of France, and from that of the Association at Edinburgh, inasmuch as the prize-holders are called upon to exercise their own taste in the choice of the pictures, or other works of Art, to which their prizes entitle them. This feature has been borrowed from a plan which appears to have been very successful in Liverpool during the last two or three years; not less than 1,050*l.* having been subscribed for the purchase of pictures, &c., from the Exhibition of the Liverpool Academy in 1835—6. This sum was divided by the Committee into a certain number of prizes, which were then drawn for by lot amongst the whole body of Subscribers; the fortunate holders of them respectively selecting from the Exhibition works of Art of equivalent value, and in many cases adding further sums thereto, in order to obtain particular works which they were desirous of possessing. About 500*l.* was in this way added, during the last season, to the amount originally raised.

On the subject of such Societies generally, a late Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the state of the Arts and Manufactures, says in its Report:—"These associations for the purchase of pictures to be distributed by lot, form one of the many instances in the present age of the advantages of combination. *The smallness of the contribution required brings together a large mass of subscribers, many of whom,*

*without such a system of association, would never have become patrons of the Arts.*"

## The Novelist.

### THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL.

(*Concluded from page* 249.)

In the midst of all this pageantry, the beautiful, but afflicted, duchess of Lorraine made her approach to the throne. She was dressed in black, and closely veiled: four duennas of the most staid and severe aspect, and six beautiful demoiselles, formed her female attendants. She was guarded by several very ancient, withered, and grey-headed cavaliers; and her train was borne by one of the most deformed and diminutive dwarfs in existence.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, she knelt down, and throwing up her veil, revealed a countenance so beautiful that half the courtiers present were ready to renounce their wives and mistresses, and devote themselves to her service; but when she made known to them that she came in quest of champions to defend her fame, every cavalier pressed forward to offer his arm and sword, without inquiring into the merits of the case; for it seemed clear that so beauteous a lady could have done nothing but what was right; and that at any rate, she ought to be championed in following the bent of her humours, whether right or wrong.

Encouraged by such gallant zeal, the duchess suffered herself to be raised from the ground, and related the whole story of her distress. When she concluded, the king remained for some time silent, charmed by the music of her voice. At length: "As I hope for salvation, most beautiful duchess," said he, "were I not a sovereign king, and bound in duty to my kingdom, I, myself, would put lance in rest to vindicate your cause; as it is, I here give full permission to my knights, and promise lists and a fair field, and that the contest shall take place before the walls of Toledo, in presence of my assembled court."

As soon as the pleasure of the king was known, there was a strife among the cavaliers present, for the honour of the contest. It was decided by lot, and the successful candidates were objects of great envy, for every one was ambitious of finding favour in the eyes of the beautiful widow.

Missives were sent, summoning the nephew and his two uncles to Toledo, to maintain their accusation, and a day was appointed for the combat. When the day arrived, all Toledo was in commotion at an early hour. The lists had been prepared in the usual place, just without the walls, at the foot of the rugged rocks on which the city is built, and on that beautiful meadow along the Tagus, known by the name of the king's garden. The populace had already assembled, each one eager to secure a favourable place. The balconies were soon filled with the ladies of the court, clad in their richest attire, and bands of youthful knights, splendidly armed, and decorated with their ladies' devices, were managing their superbly-comparisoned steeds about the field. The king, at length, came forth in state, accompanied by the queen Exilona. They took their seats in a raised balcony, under a canopy of rich damask; and, at sight of them, the people rent the air with acclamations.

The nephew and his uncles now rode into the field, armed *cap-a-pie*, and followed by a train of cavaliers of their own roystering cast, great swearers and carousers, arrant swashbucklers, that went about with clanking armour and jingling spurs. When the people of Toledo beheld the vaunting and discourteous appearance of these knights, they were more anxious than ever for the success of the gentle duchess; but at the same time, the sturdy and stalwart frames of these warriors, showed that whoever won the victory from them must do it at the cost of many a bitter blow.

As the nephew and his riotous crew rode in at one side of the field, the fair widow appeared at the other, with her suit of grave, grey-headed courtiers, her ancient duennas and dainty demoiselles, and the little dwarf toiling along under the weight of her train. Every one made way for her as she passed, and blessed her beautiful face, and prayed for success to her cause. She took her seat in a lower balcony, not far from the sovereign's; and her pale face, set off by her mourning weeds, was as the moon shining forth from among the clouds of night.

The trumpets sounded for the combat. The warriors were just entering the lists, when a stranger knight, armed in panoply, and followed by two pages and an esquire, came galloping into the field, and riding up to the royal balcony, claimed the combat as a matter of right.

"In me," cried he, "behold the cavalier who had the happiness to rescue the beautiful duchess from the peril of the forest, and the misfortune to bring on her this grievous calumny. It was but recently, in the course of my errantry, that tidings of her wrongs have reached my ears, and I have urged hither at all speed, to stand forth in her vindication."

No sooner did the duchess hear the accents of the knight, than she recognised his voice, and joined her prayers with his that he might enter the lists. The difficulty was to determine which of the three champions already appointed should yield his place, each insisting on the honour of the combat. The stranger knight would have settled the point, by taking the whole contest upon himself; but this the other knights would not

permit. It was at length determined, as before, by lot, and the cavalier who lost the chance, retired murmuring and disconsolate.

The trumpets again sounded—the lists were opened. The arrogant nephew and his two drawcansir uncles appeared so completely cased in steel, that they and their steeds were like moving masses of iron. When they understood the stranger knight to be the same that had rescued the duchess from her peril, they greeted him with the most boisterous derision.

"O ho, sir knight of the dragon!" said they; "you who pretend to champion fair widows in the dark, come on, and vindicate your deeds of darkness in the open day."

The only reply of the cavalier was to put lance in rest, and brace himself for the encounter. Needless is it to relate the particulars of a battle, which was like so many hundred combats that have been said and sung in prose and verse. Who is there but must have foreseen the event of a contest, where heaven had to decide on the guilt or innocence of the most beautiful and immaculate of widows?

The sagacious reader, deeply read in this kind of judicial combats, can imagine the encounter of the graceless nephew and the stranger knight. He sees their concussion, man to man, and horse to horse, in mid career, and in that Sir Graceless hurled to the ground and slain. He will not wonder that the assailants of the brawny uncles were less successful in their rude encounter; but he will picture to himself the stout stranger spurring to their rescue in the very critical moment; he will see him transfixing one with his lance, and cleaving the other to the chine with a back stroke of his sword, thus leaving the trio of accusers dead upon the field, and establishing the immaculate fidelity of the duchess, and her title to the dukedom, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The air rang with acclamations; nothing was heard but praises of the beauty and virtue of the duchess, and of the prowess of the stranger knight; but the public joy was still more increased when the champion raised his visor, and revealed the countenance of one of the bravest cavaliers in Spain, renowned for his gallantry in the service of the sex, who had long been absent in quest of similar adventures.

That worthy knight, however, was severely wounded in the battle, and remained for a long time ill of his wounds. The lovely duchess, grateful for having twice owed her protection to his arm, attended him daily during his illness. A tender passion grew up between them, and she finally rewarded his gallantry by giving him her hand.

The king would fain have had the knight establish his title to such high advancement by farther deeds of arms; but his courtiers declared that he had already merited the lady, by thus vidicating her fame and fortune in a deadly combat to outrance; and the lady herself hinted that she was perfectly satisfied of his prowess in arms, from the proofs she received in his achievement in the forest.

Their nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence. The present husband of the duchess did not pray and fast like his predecessor, Phillibert the wife-ridden; yet he found greater favour in the eyes of heaven, for their union was blessed with a numerous progeny; the daughters chaste and beauteous as their mother; the sons all stout and valiant as their sire, and all renowned like him, for relieving disconsolate damsels and desolate widows.

## Anecdote Gallery.

### BIRTHPLACE OF SMOLLETT.

Few lives are more checkered with change than that of Tobias George Smollett, the celebrated novelist. He was of good family, being the grandson of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, one of the commissioners for the union of Scotland with England; the novelist's father being the youngest son of Archibald, the fourth son of the baronet. He was born in the house on the rising ground of the engraving, at Dalquhurn, on the beautiful banks of the Leven, about two miles beyond Dumbarton, on October 21, 1771. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native town, where his innate taste for poetry and satire first showed itself. He was then bred for a surgeon at Glasgow, where he wrote his first poetical production, *The Regicide*, a tragedy. In his nineteenth year, upon the death of his grandfather, he was left without a provision for the prosecution of his studies; and accordingly, he journeyed to London to seek professional employment in the army or navy. He first offered his tragedy to the managers of the London theatres, who declined to produce the play: he then, in 1741, joined the expedition against Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon; which disastrous enterprise Smollett subsequently described in his *Compendium of Voyages*. He was soon disgusted with the naval service, which he quitted in the West Indies; after this he resided some time in Jamaica.

Smollett returned to England in 1746, when the severities of the King's troops in Scotland, after the battle of Culloden, induced him to write *The Tears of Scotland*, a short poem, which was much noticed for its spirit, pathos, and elegance. This was followed by two satires on public men, entitled *Advice* and *Reproof*. He soon after married a lady with whom he had become acquainted in Jamaica; but, being disappointed in the amount of her fortune, he

(Smollett's Birth-place, and Column to his memory.)

again betook himself to his pen for support. The first fruits of this application was *Roderick Random*, which is supposed to embody much of the author's already changeful life, but especially his knowledge of the language and manners of sailors. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu made certain that the work was by Fielding, and, in a letter to her daughter, observes: "Fielding has a fund of true humour. I guessed R. Random to be his, though without his name." He next published his tragedy of *The Regicide*, which his growing reputation rendered profitable

In 1750, Smollett visited Paris, which enabled him to produce, in the following year, his *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*. Like *Roderick Random*, it contains many real characters and incidents; and the anecdotes respecting Lady Vane contributed much towards the popularity of the work.

About this period, Smollett having obtained, probably from a foreign university, his degree of M.D., wrote an *Essay on the Bath Waters*, and made an unsuccessful attempt to practise in that city. Thence he retired to Chelsea, devoted himself to literature, and, in 1753, published his *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*; and, in 1755, a translation of *Don Quixote*.

In 1756, Smollett undertook the editorship of the *Critical Review*, in the conduct of which he raised a host of literary enemies. Among others, he offended Admiral Knowles, by severely reflecting upon his conduct in the unfortunate expedition to Rochfort, respecting which the admiral had published a pamphlet. A prosecution was commenced against the printer of the Review for a libel; but the admiral avowing his only object to be "satisfaction" from the writer, Smollett owned himself the author, and ready to give the satisfaction alluded to; when the admiral, instead of sending Smollett a challenge, commenced a new prosecution against him as the author, who was fined 100*l.* and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Dr. Smollett next published his *Compendium of Voyages*, in seven volumes, anonymously; and, in 1757, a two-act comedy of his composition, called *The Reprisal*, was acted at Drury Lane Theatre.

In 1758, appeared Dr. Smollett's *Complete History of England*, from the descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 4 vols. 4to.; a work which the author is said to have written in four months. In the following year, the history was reprinted in numbers, in which form the weekly sale amounted to 10,000; on its completion, it was published in 11 volumes, with a dedication to Mr. Pitt. In this work, Smollett was accused of desertion from his Whig principles, a charge which he thus ingeniously answered in a letter to Dr. Moore: "Whatever may be its defect," he says, alluding to his History, "I protest before God, I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth without espousing any faction, though I own I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but, in the course of my inquiries, some of the Whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves, that I could not help stigmatizing them for their want of integrity and sentiment."

During Smollett's confinement in the King's Bench for the libel on Admiral Knowles, he wrote his *Adventures of Sir*

*Launcelot Greaves*, in which are described many of the author's "strange bed-fellows" in captivity. Much of this work is delightfully written, but more shows marks of haste. About this time, Smollett was also engaged in writing the modern portion of *The Universal History*, to which he is supposed to have contributed the histories of France, Italy, and Germany.

At the commencement of the reign of George III., when Lord Bute was appointed prime minister, Smollett undertook to write in favour of his administration, and for that purpose, commenced a paper called *The Briton*. This led to the establishment of the famous *North Briton*, which was brought out in opposition to Smollett's, by Wilkes. The grand point of the attack of the latter on the minister was his country, and Smollett, finding the whole Scottish nation included in the attack, considered himself personally affronted, and replied bitterly. Altogether, *The Briton* was less popular than Smollett's other works, and "he had reason to regret that he ever became a party writer, by which he lost some of his old friends, and acquired but very cold-hearted new ones in their stead."

About the year 1763, the loss of his daughter and only child severely afflicted Smollett; and his own health having been injured by too intense application to study, he left England, and remained in France and Italy until 1765. In the following year, he published his *Travels* in letters, in one of which he describes himself, at the period of his departure from England, as "traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by domestic calamity." In this state of mind, it is not singular that he should have viewed everything through a misanthropic mist, on which account Sterne characterized Smollett as Smelfungus, in the *Sentimental Journey*.

In 1766 was published, in two volumes, quarto, after it had previously appeared in numbers, Smollett's continuation of the *History of England*, taken up at the Revolution, where Hume left it, and brought down to the year 1765.

Upon his return from the Continent, Smollett visited Scotland, and next Bath, where he probably wrote his *History and Adventures of an Atom*, which was published in 1769. The gist of this work was ridicule of different administrations, especially those of Lord Chatham.

Smollett, still an invalid, in the following year, revisited Italy, and took up his residence near Leghorn, after a vain attempt to obtain the appointment of English Consul; and here, under the depression of increasing disease and mental disappointment, he wrote *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*—the last flash of poor Smollett's genius: for, he died October 21, 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age. He lies buried in the English Cemetery at Leghorn, where a monument was erected to his memory by his wife, with a Latin inscription by Dr. Armstrong.

Three years subsequently, the monumental pillar in the engraving was erected in honour of Smollett, near his natal house, by his cousin, James Smollett, Esq., with a Latin inscription revised and corrected by Dr. Johnson. Hard by glides the stream which Smollett has memorialized in his touching *Ode to Leven Water*.

Smollett was generous and humane, of a guileless and intrepid disposition: but his imprudence knew no bounds; and, being too proud for servile patronage, he was tortured with the whips and frowns of fortune. He died so poor that a benefit play was performed for his widow.

As a writer, Smollett's style is elegant and animated; though he will be remembered rather for his works of fiction than for his historical productions. In fecundity and versatility of writing, he is almost unrivalled; excelling as a poet, novelist, historian, and critic. Yet, with all these qualifications, it is lamentable to reflect that Smollett considered his genius unrequited: his publishers fattened while the poor author was doomed to be left in his latter days with little but his independent spirit to soothe his path to the grave. How many such episodes have we in the history of the literature of our country! so true is it that genius, when unassociated with prudence, is a bane rather than a blessing to its possessor.

## The Public Journals.

### OLIVER TWIST AN UNDERTAKER'S BOY-MUTE

*By Boz.*

OLIVER, being left to himself in the undertaker's shop, set the lamp down on a workman's bench, and gazed timidly about him with a feeling of awe and dread, which many people a good deal older than Oliver will be at no loss to understand. An unfinished coffin on black tressels, which stood in the middle of the shop, looked so gloomy and death-like, that a cold tremble came over him every time his eyes wandered in the direction of the dismal object, from which he almost expected to see some frightful form slowly rear its head to drive him mad with terror. Against the wall were ranged in regular array a long row of elm-boards cut into the same shape, and looking in the dim light like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their breeches-pockets. Coffin-plates, elm chips, bright-headed nails, and shreds of black cloth, lay scattered on the floor; and the wall above the counter was ornamented with a lively representation of two mutes in very stiff neckcloths, on duty at a large, pri-

vate door, with a hearse drawn by four black steeds approaching in the distance. The shop was close and hot, and the atmosphere seemed tainted with the smell of coffins. The recess beneath the counter in which his flock-mattress was thrust, looked like a grave.

* * * *

It was a nice, sickly season just at this time. In commercial phrase, coffins were looking up; and, in the course of a few weeks, Oliver had acquired a great deal of experience. The success of Mr. Sowerberry's ingenious speculation exceeded even his most sanguine hopes. The oldest inhabitants recollected no period at which measles had been so prevalent, or so fatal to infant existence; and many were the mournful processions which little Oliver headed in a hat-band reaching down to his knees, to the indescribable admiration and emotion of all the mothers in the town. As Oliver accompanied his master in most of his adult expeditions too, in order that he might acquire that equanimity of demeanour and full command of nerve which are so essential to a finished undertaker, he had many opportunities of observing the beautiful resignation and fortitude with which some strong-minded people bear their trials and losses.

For instance, when Sowerberry had an order for the burial of some rich, old lady or gentleman, who was surrounded by a great number of nephews and nieces, who had been perfectly inconsolable during the previous illness, and whose grief had been wholly irrepressible even on the most public occasions, they would be as happy among themselves as need be—quite cheerful and contented, conversing together with as much freedom and gaiety as if nothing whatever had happened to disturb them. Husbands too, bore the loss of their wives with the most heroic calmness; and wives, again, put on weeds for their husbands, as if, so far from grieving in the garb of sorrow, they had made up their mind to render it as becoming and attractive as possible. It was observable too, that ladies and gentlemen who were in passions of anguish during the ceremony of interment, recovered almost as soon as they reached home, and became quite composed before the tea drinking was over. All this was very pleasant and improving to see; and Oliver beheld it with great admiration.

*Bentley's Miscellany.*

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### NIMROD'S ANECDOTES OF EATING.

(*Concluded from page* 251.)

Now, I will tell you, reader, what I consider the best means of preserving that invaluable treasure, a good digestion; and I speak on the authority of fifty-seven years' experience. "Do not overload the barrow," as an old country apothecary used to say; or, speaking technically, do not let the *ingesta* exceed the *egesta*. And even with the help of strong exercise, by which the escape of the "*egesta*" is facilitated, still the grand secret is not to eat too much at one time. As to what you eat, it is not, in my opinion, of half the consequence that the quantity eaten is. It is the *ingesta* taken to excess; it is giving the stomach more to do than it is well able to do, that weakens the digestive powers beyond any thing else, hard drinking to excess of strong spirituous liquors excepted. Now and then, what is called "a good blow out" may be indulged in with impunity; but, generally speaking, no person should quite satisfy the appetite at dinner: I mean to say, he should be able to ask himself, at the conclusion of it, some such question as this:—"Could I now eat the thigh of a pheasant, or the leg of a woodcock, placed on a bit of toast, well covered with its ropes, and some very well melted butter? Could I, after that, find room for a little apricot tart, or some tipsy pudding?" If the stomach implies assent, there is no harm done by that day's dinner, be it what it may, as Nature will not turn sulky at the task she has to perform.

Several new and rather startling nostrums have been of late years in vogue to assist weak stomachs, and amongst them a slice of *fat* bacon for breakfast. For the honour of the pig, I am free to admit that this is often found to be of service to bilious persons, and in spite of the authority in the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy, which prohibits the pig being eaten fat or lean. But who would ever have supposed that among *modern* prohibitions, the very staff of life itself is one? Bread is now forbidden to be eaten by very dyspeptic subjects, in consequence of the fermentation it causes in the stomach. "Here is a pretty business," said a dyspeptic dignitary of the church to his wife, on his return from a visit to Abernethy; "I have been praying twice every day of my life, and six times on Sundays, for my daily bread, and now I am not allowed to eat it!"

*Effect of Food on the Mind.*—A good deal of nonsense has been written on the various effects of food on the mind and disposition of man, all of which strikes me to be very deficient in solidity. "Il est certain," says Rousseau, "que les grande mangeurs de viande sont en général cruels et féroces plus que les autres hommes. Cette observation est de tous les lieux, et de tous les tems. *La barbare Angloise est connue.*" (See *Emile*, tom. i. p. 274). Our countryman, Sir William Temple, in his account of the United Provinces, has fallen almost into the same error; but Mr. Hume, in his admirable essay on National Character, points out the Swedes as a striking exception to this general observation. John Bull is, undoubtedly, a truly carnivorous animal; but, in answer to the remark of M. Rousseau, I must observe, that

notwithstanding the comparatively unsubstantial and cooling diet which his own countrymen are famed for using, they can exhibit a bit of the bull-dog now and then, as much as John can do; and no one doubts their courage. Animals that live entirely on flesh are said only to be savage when hungry; at least Shaw, the naturalist, states that a lion satiated with it, looses his courage to such a degree, that a child may obtain command over him, by the use of sharp words and a stick!

The life of privacy and retirement which I have lived during my residence in France, has not enabled me to say much of the style of French dinners in private houses; but one which I sat down to in that of a French nobleman, at St. Omer, in September last, could not be surpassed at Belvoir Castle. It had but one fault, which was being too good; and from the variety of dishes that made their appearance, at convenient intervals, aided by a like variety of wines, the inducement to partake of them was an overmatch for prudence. As for dinners at inns, or hotels, as they are called in France, they put to shame those we meet with in England. A visit to Calais or Boulogne, will prove this assertion; but I wish I could have given a sketch of the dinner at the Ancient Poste Hotel, in St Omer, at the races, last Summer. It would have made a beautiful picture, by the pencil of a good artist, not only from the form and variety of the dishes, but the magnificent dessert which overspread the centre of the table. It had another advantage, not to be heard of at race-dinners in our own country; it was ordered for forty persons, and forty persons sat down to it, the party being selected by the stewards. Neither was the charge for it alone immoderate, being ten francs a head; but when I came to pay my bill the next morning, I was reminded of Mr. Warde's description of the Pytchley-hunt dinners, in Northamptonshire, —viz., that "*they were all very well but the reckoning.*" I was charged for three bottles of Champagne, as my own share; and was then asked by the landlord, *what brandy-and-water I had drunk.* My answer was—placing my hand on my stomach—"Regardez mon estomac, monsieur; *c'est impossible.*" Boniface shrugged up his shoulders, and said no more. Neither did I; but I believe that, for once in my life, I paid forty shillings in the pound, having drunk half that quantity, and nothing else besides.

On talking over these matters lately with a very clever Englishman, he remarked, that the peculiarities in the habits of different nations at their meals would afford an excellent subject for the pen of a well-travelled gentleman; and I am quite of his opinion, as even trifles relating to the social state of other countries are interesting. The breakfast *à la fourchette* is not at all to my taste; neither do I think it is nearly so prevalent in France as formerly. The last time I was at Dunkirk, however, I saw it in full operation, and under circumstances which, I must say, surprised me. It was at the early hour of seven o'clock, when I was making my breakfast of coffee and a roll, that I saw a table prepared for two, in the same room, with every thing necessary for a dinner. It was soon occupied by two gentlemen, who, having eaten heartily of some very savoury dishes, and drunk a bottle of wine between them, got into their curricle, and drove away. Now, had I partaken of this repast, I should have felt muddled, if not fuddled, all the rest of the day, and, I think, incapacitated from any mental exertion.

"Did you ever observe," said the gentleman to whom I have alluded, "the difference between the French and our method of taking soup? *We*," said he, "drink it, *they*, eat it; which is at once observable by the manner in which it is handed to the mouth, by the spoon. We draw it up by our breath, which is called sipping, accompanied by a not very agreeable noise; they hand it into the mouth noiselessly, the point of the spoon entering within the lips. Again," said he, "you will not see the most uncouth of the French put a knife into their mouths, at their meals; whereas, too many of what are called our 'respectables' seldom put the fork. You will never hear of a Frenchman cutting his throat by eating peas, as Brummell said his father and mother had both well nigh done." The quantity of new bread the French eat with their dinner is, to me, quite extraordinary,—so much so, as to induce me almost to doubt Abernethy's anathema against it; but their general moderation in drinking, perhaps, balances the scales. They drink their Champagne the last thing of all,—as we say, "topping up with it," on account of its digestive properties, which, no doubt, it possesses. In fact, this wine is sadly belied: it is very aristocratic, I admit—no recommendation to it, perhaps, in these days,—and will not endure to be associated with low company. *Drunk by itself*, it is no doubt, the most wholesome wine in the world; and it is a well-known fact, that gout is almost unknown in that part of France called Champagne. As Mr. Walker says of it, by promoting exhilaration, it promotes digestion,—*ergo*, it must promote health.

Many ludicrous stories are told of the mistakes made by both Englishmen and Frenchmen, in reference to their national tastes in eating; and amongst them the following was related to me, the other day in London. A Frenchman was told by one of his countrymen, that he would be charmed with the London muffins. No sooner, then, had he arrived in our metropolis, than he entered a shop, and bought one, which he immediately ate, in the state in which it had been drawn from the oven, perhaps, on the preceding day.

His disappointment may be imagined; and it was not until he tried another, which he ate in the same cold, raw state, that he was satisfied that his friend had played him a trick. I never thought I should have lived to see a man eat a raw artichoke at his breakfast; but I witnessed the fact last summer. What would some aldermen give for that French gentleman's digestion?

I have now said my say on this subject; and, as Seneca tells us, it is awkward to preach to the belly, because it has no ears, it may reasonably be expected, that not an ounce more, or an ounce less will be eaten in consequence of these remarks. I can only answer for myself, that, had I been intemperate in eating, other pleasures, which I am now able to indulge in, would all have been swamped in that one gratification. I should have been dyspeptic and gouty, in place of being hale and well, and equally capable of fatigue as I was twenty years back. In fact, "*'tis the pace that kills*" over a country, or over the mahogany; and there is a temperance in all things—in eating, drinking, hunting, smoking,—ay, even in knowledge, and in religion.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## New Books.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE IN THE 15TH, 16TH, AND 17TH CENTURIES. VOL. I.

*By Henry Hallam, F.R.A.S.*

[FROM this admirable synoptical view of the literary history of three centuries, by the celebrated author of the *History of the Middle Ages*, it will not be difficult to select many passages of popular interest, which relate to times, characters, and events of unfading attraction to every well-directed mind athirst for valuable information to be garnered into his store of knowledge.]

*Dante and Petrarch.*

Dante and Petrarch are, as it were, the morning stars of our modern literature. I shall say nothing more of the former in this place: he does not stand in such close connexion as Petrarch with the fifteenth century; nor had he such influence over the taste of his age. In this respect, Petrarch has as much the advantage over Dante, as he was his inferior in depth of thought and creative power. He formed a school of poetry, which, though no disciple comparable to himself came out of it, gave a character to the taste of his country. He did not invent the sonnet; but he, perhaps, was the cause that it has continued in fashion for so many ages.* He gave purity, elegance, and even stability to the Italian language, which has been incomparably less changed during near five centuries since his time, than it was in one between the age of Guido Guinizzelli and his own. And none have denied him the honour of having restored a true feeling of classical antiquity in Italy, and consequently in Europe.

*Origin of the English Language.*

Nothing can be more difficult, except by an arbitrary line, than to determine the commencement of the English language; not so much, as in those of the continent, because we are in want of materials, but rather from an oppcsite reason, the possibility of tracing a very gradual succession of verbal changes that ended in a change of denomination. We should probably experience a similar difficulty, if we knew equally well the current idiom of France or Italy in the seventh and eighth centuries. For when we compare the earliest English of the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth, it seems hard to pronounce, why it should pass for a separate language, rather than a modification or simplification of the former. We must conform, however, to usage, and say that the Anglo-Saxon was converted into English: 1. by contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2. by omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; 3. by the introduction of French derivatives; 4. by using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these the second alone, I think, can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language; and this was brought about so gradually, that we are not relieved from much of our difficulty, whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother, or the earliest fruits of the daughter's fertility.†

The Anglo-Norman language is a phrase not quite so unobjectionable as the Anglo-Norman constitution; and as it is sure to deceive, we might better lay it aside altogether.‡ In the one instance, there was a

* Crescimbeni, (Storia della vulgar poesia, vol. ii., p. 269,) asserts the claim of Guitton d'Arezzo to the invention of the regular sonnet, or at least the perfection of that in use among the Provencals.

† It is a proof of this difficulty, that the best masters of our ancient language have lately introduced the word semi-Saxon, which is to cover every thing from 1150 to 1250. See Thorpe's Preface to Analecta Anglo-Saxonica, and many other recent books.

‡ A popular and pleasing writer has drawn a little upon his imagination in the following account of the language of our forefathers after the Conquest:—"The language of the church was Latin, that of the king and nobles, Norman; that of the people, Anglo-Saxon; *the Anglo-Norman jargon was only employed in the commercial intercourse between the conquerors and conquered.*" Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poets, vol. i., p. 17. What was this jargon, and where do we find a proof of its existence? and what was the commercial intercourse hinted at? I suspect Ellis only meant, what has often been remarked, that the animals which bear a Saxon name in the

teal fusion of laws and government, to which we can find but a remote analogy, or rather none at all in the other. It is probable, indeed, that the converse of foreigners might have something to do with those simplifications of the Anglo-Saxon grammar, which appear about the reign of Henry II., more than a century after the Conquest; though it is also true, that languages of a very artificial structure, like that of England before that revolution, often became less complex in their forms, without any such violent process as an amalgamation of two different ones. What is commonly called the Saxon Chronicle is continued to the death of Stephen, in 1154, and in the same language, though with some loss of its purity. Besides the neglect of several grammatical rules, French words now and then obtrude themselves, but not very frequently, in the latter pages of this Chronicle. Peterborough, however, was quite an English monastery; its endowments, its abbots, were Saxon; and the political spirit the Chronicle breathes, in some passages, is that of the indignant subjects, *servi ancor frementi*, of the Norman usurpers. If its last compilers, therefore, gave way to some innovations of language, we may presume that these prevailed more extensively in places less secluded, and especially in London.

### *Writing in the Fourteenth Century,—the Oldest Letter.*

The art of reading does not imply that of writing; it seems likely that the one prevailed before the other. The latter was difficult to acquire, in consequence of the regularity of characters preserved by the clerks, and their complex system of abbreviations, which rendered the cursive handwriting, introduced about the end of the eleventh century, almost as operose to those who had not much experience of it as the more stiff characters of older manuscripts. It certainly appears that even autograph signatures are not found till a late period. Philip the Bold, who ascended the French throne in 1272, could not write, though this is not the case with any of his successors. I do not know that equal ignorance is recorded of any English sovereign, though we have I think only a series of autographs beginning with Richard II. It is said by the authors of *Nouveau Traité de la Diplomatique*, Benedictines of laborious and exact erudition, that the art of writing had become rather common among the laity of France before the end of the thirteenth century: out of eight witnesses to a testament in 1277, five could write their names; at the beginning of that age, it is probable, they think, that not one could have done so.* Signatures to deeds of private persons, however, do not begin to appear till the fourteenth, and were not in established use in France till about the middle of the fifteenth century.† Indorsements upon English deeds, as well as mere signatures, by laymen of rank, bearing date in the reign of Edward II., are in existence; and there is an English letter from the lady of Sir John Pelham to her husband in 1399, which is probably one of the earliest instances of female penmanship. By the badness of the grammar we may presume it to be her own.‡

Laymen, among whom Chaucer and Gower are illustrious examples, received occasionally a learned education; and indeed the great number of gentlemen who studied in the inns of court is a conclusive proof that they were not generally illiterate. The common law required some knowledge of two languages. Upon the whole we may be inclined to think, that in the year 1400, or at the accession of Henry IV., the average instruction of an English gentleman of the first class would comprehend common reading and writing, a tolerable familiarity with French, and a slight tincture of Latin; the latter retained

folds acquire a French one in the shambles. But even this is more ingenious than just; for muttons, beeves, and porkers are good, old words for the living quadrupeds.

* Vol. ii., p. 423.

† Ibid., p. 434 et post.

‡ I am indebted for a knowledge of this letter to the Rev. Joseph Hunter, who recollected to have seen it in an old edition of Collins's Peerage. Later editions have omitted it as an unimportant redundancy, though interesting even for its contents, independently of the value it acquires from the language. On account of its scarcity, being only found in old editions now not in request, I shall insert it here; and till any thing else shall prefer a claim, it may pass for the oldest private letter in the English language. I have not kept the orthography, but have left several incoherent and ungrammatical phrases as they stand. It was copied by Collins from the archives of the Newcastle family.

My dear Lord,—I recommend me to your high lordship with heart and body and all my poor might, and with all this, I thank you as my dear lord dearest and best beloved of all earthly lords I say for me and thank you my dear lord with all this that I say before of your comfortable letter that ye sent me from Pontefract that come to me on Mary Magdalene day; for by my troth I was never so glad as when I heard by your letter that ye were strong enough with the grace of God for to keep you from the malice of your enemies. And dear lord, if it like to your high lordship, that as soon as ye might that I might hear of your gracious speed; which as God Almighty continue and increase. And my dear lord if it like you for to know of my fare, I am here by laid in manner of a siege with the county of Sussex, Surrey, and a great parcel of Kent, so that I may nought out no none victuals get me but with much hard. Wherefore my dear if it like you by the advice of your wise counsel for to get remedy of the salvation of your castle and withstand the malice of the shires aforesaid. And also that ye be fully informed of their great malice workers in these shires which that haves so despitefully wrought to you, and to your castle, to your men, and to your tenants for this country have yai [sic] wasted for a great while. Farewell, my dear lord, the holy Trinity you keep from your enemies, and ever send me good tidings of you. Written at Pevenesey in the castle on St. Jacob day last past.—By your own poor

J. PELHAM.

*To my true Lord.*

or not, according to his circumstances and character, as school learning is at present. This may be rather a favourable statement; but after another generation it might be assumed, as we shall see, with more confidence as a fair one.*

*Invention of Paper.*

A demand for instruction in the art of writing would increase with the frequency of epistolary correspondence, which, where of a private or secret nature, no one would gladly conduct by the intervention of a secretary. Better education, more refined manners, a closer intercourse of social life, were the primary causes of this increase in private correspondence. But it was greatly facilitated by the invention, or rather, extended use, of paper as the vehicle of writing instead of parchment; a revolution, as it may be called, of high importance, without which both the art of writing would have been much less practised, and the invention of printing less serviceable to mankind. After the subjugation of Egypt by the Saracens, the importation of the papyrus, previously in general use, came in no long time to an end; so that, though down to the end of the seventh century all instruments in France were written upon it, we find its place afterwards supplied by parchment; and under the house of Charlemagne, there is hardly an instrument upon any other material.† Parchment, however, a much more durable and useful vehicle than papyrus,‡ was expensive, and its cost not only excluded the necessary waste which a free use of writing requires, but gave rise to the unfortunate practice of erasing manuscripts in order to replace them with some new matter. This was carried to a great extent, and has occasioned the loss of precious monuments of antiquity, as is now demonstrated by instances of their restoration.

The date of the invention of our present paper, manufactured from linen rags, or of its introduction into Europe, has long been the subject of controversy. That paper made from cotton was in use sooner, is admitted on all sides. Some charters written upon that kind not later than the tenth century were seen by Montfaucon; and it is even said to be found in papal bulls of the ninth.§ The Greeks, however, from whom the west of Europe is conceived to have borrowed this sort of paper, did not much employ it in manuscript books, according to Montfaucon, till the twelfth century, from which time it came into frequent use among them. Muratori had seen no writing upon this material older than 1100, though, in deference to Montfaucon, he admits its employment earlier.‖ It certainly was not greatly used in Italy before the thirteenth century. Among the Saracens of Spain, on the other hand, as well as those of the East, it was of much greater antiquity. The Greeks called it *charta Damascena*, having been manufactured or sold in the city of Damascus. And Casiri, in his catalogue of the Arabic manuscripts in the Escurial, desires us to understand that they are written on paper of cotton or linen, but generally the latter, unless the contrary be expressed.¶ Many in this catalogue were written before the thirteenth, or even the twelfth century.

This will lead us to the more disputed question as to the antiquity of linen paper. The earliest distinct instance I have found, and which I believe has hitherto been overlooked, is an Arabic version of the aphorisms of Hippocrates, the manuscript bearing the date of 1100. This Casiri observes to be on linen paper, not as in itself remarkable, but as accounting for its injury by wet. It does not appear whether it were written in Spain, or, like many in that catalogue, brought from Egypt or the East.**

The authority of Casiri must confirm beyond doubt a passage in Peter Abbot of Clugni, which has perplexed those who place the invention of linen paper very low. In a treatise against the Jews, he speaks of books, ex pellibus arietum, hircorum, vel vitulorum, sive ex biblis vel juncis Orientalium paludum, aut ex *rasuris veterum pannorum*, seu ex aliâ qualibet forte villore materia compactos. A late English writer contends that nothing can be meant by the last words, "unless that all sorts of inferior substances capable of being so applied, among them, perhaps hemp and the remains of cordage, were used at this period in the manufacture of paper."†† It certainly at least seems reasonable to

* It might be inferred from a passage in Richard of Bury, about 1343, that none but ecclesiastics could read at all. He deprecates the putting of books into the hands of *laici*, who do not know one side from another. And in several places it seems that he thought they were meant for "the tonsured" alone. But a great change took place in the ensuing half century; and I do not believe he can be construed strictly even as to his own time.

† Montfaucon, in Acad. des Inscript., vol. vi. But Muratori says that the papyrus was little used in the seventh century, though writings on it may be found as late as the tenth, Dissert. xliii. This dissertation relates to the condition of letters in Italy as far as the year 1100; as the xlivth does to their subsequent history.

‡ Heeren justly remarks (I do not know that others have done the same,) of how great importance the introduction of parchment, to which, and afterwards to paper, the old perishable papyraceous manuscripts were transferred, has been to the preservation of literature.—P. 74.

§ Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, vi., 604. Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique, i. 517. Savigny, Gesch. des Römischen Rechts, iii., 534.

‖ Dissert., xliii.

¶ Materiæ, nisi membraneus sit codex, nulla mentio: cæterum bombycinos, ac, maximam partem, chartaceos esse colligas. Præfatio, p. 7.

** Casiri, N. 787. Codex anno Christi 1100, chartaceus, &c.

†† See a memoir on an ancient manuscript of Aratus, by Mr. Ottley, in Archæologia, vol. xxvi.

interpret the words "ex rasuris veterum pannorum," of linen rags; and when I add that Peter Cluniacensis passed a considerable time in Spain about 1141, there can remain, it seems, no rational doubt that the Saracens of the peninsula were acquainted with that species of paper, though perhaps it was as yet unknown in every other country.

Andrès asserts, on the authority of the Memoirs of the Academy of Barcelona, that a treaty between the kings of Aragon and Castile, bearing the date of 1178, and written upon linen paper, is extant in the archives of that city.* He alleges several other instances in the next age; when Mabillon, who denies that paper of linen was then used in charters, which, indeed, no one is likely to maintain, mentions, as the earliest specimen he had seen in France, a letter of Joinville to St. Louis, which must be older than 1270. Andrès refers the invention to the Saracens of Spain, using the fine flax of Valencia and Murcia; and conjectures that it was brought into use among the Spaniards themselves by Alfonso of Castile.†

In the opinion of the English writer to whom we have above referred, paper, from a very early period, was manufactured of mixed material, which have sometimes been erroneously taken for pure cotton. We have in the Tower of London a letter addressed to Henry III., by Raymond, son of Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, and consequently between 1216 and 1222, when the latter died, upon very strong paper, and certainly made, in Mr. Ottley's judgment, of mixed materials; while in several of the time of Edward I., written upon genuine cotton paper of no great thickness, the fibres of cotton present themselves every where at the backs of the letters so distinctly that they seem as if they might even now be spun into thread.

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## LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### *Scott and Wordsworth.*

*(Concluded from page 223.)*

It was in the September of 1803, that Scott first saw Wordsworth. Their mutual acquaintance, Stoddart, had so often talked of them to each other, that they met as if they had not been strangers; and they parted friends.

Mr. and Miss Wordsworth had just completed that tour in the Highlands, of which so many incidents have since been immortalized, both in the poet's verse and in the hardly less poetical prose of his sister's Diary. On the morning of the 17th of September, having left their carriage at Rosslyn, they walked down the valley to Lasswade, and arrived there before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen. "We were received," Mr. Wordsworth has told me, "with that frank cordiality which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met him, always marked his manners; and, indeed, I found him then in every respect—except, perhaps, that his animal spirits were somewhat higher—precisely the same man that you knew him in later life; the same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition; the same unaffected modesty about himself; the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful views of man and the world. He partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant, the first four cantos of the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and the novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse, greatly delighted me."

On reaching his cottage in Westmoreland, Wordsworth addressed a letter to Scott, from which I must quote a few sentences. It is dated Grasmere, October, 16th, 1803. "We had a delightful journey home, delightful weather, and a sweet country to travel through. We reached our little cottage in high spirits, and thankful to God for all his bounties. My wife and child were both well, and as I need not say, we had all of us a happy meeting. * * * * We passed Branxholme—your Branxholme, we supposed—about four miles on this side of Hawick. It looks better in your poem than in its present realities. The situation, however, is delightful, and makes amends for an ordinary mansion. The whole of the Teviot and the pastoral steeps about Mosspaul pleased us exceedingly. The Esk below Langholm is a delicious river, and we saw it to great advantage. We did not omit noticing Johnnie Armstrong's keep; but his hanging place, to our great regret, we missed. We were, indeed, most truly sorry that we could not have you along with us into Westmoreland. The country was in its full glory—the verdure of the valleys, in which we are so much superior to you in Scotland, but little tarnished by the weather, and the trees putting on their most beautiful looks. My sister was quite enchanted, and we often said to each other, What a pity Mr. Scott is not with us! * * * * I had the pleasure of seeing Coleridge and Southey, at Keswick, last Sunday. Southey, whom I never saw much of before, I liked much: he is very pleasant in his manner, and a man of great reading in old books, poetry, chronicles, memoirs, &c. &c., particularly Spanish and Portuguese. * * * * My sister and I often talk of the happy days that we spent in your company. Such things

* Vol. ii., p. 73. Andrès has gone much at length into this subject, and has collected several important passages which do not appear in my text. The letter of Joinville has been supposed to be addressed to Louis Hutin, in 1314, but this seems inconsistent with the writer's age.

† Id. p. 84. He cannot mean that it was never employed before Alfonso's time, of which he has already given instances.

do not occur often in life. If we live we shall meet again; that is my consolation when I think of these things.—Scotland and England sound like division, do what ye can; but we really are but neighbours, and if you were no farther off, and in Yorkshire, we should think so. Farewell. God prosper you, and all that belongs to you. Your sincere friend, for such I will call myself, though slow to use a word of such solemn meaning to any one,—W. WORDSWORTH."

*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

I have already said something of the beginning of Scott's acquaintance with "the Ettrick Shepherd." Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing himself in print, and he wrote out that same night "Willie and Katie," and a few other ballads, already famous in the Forest, which some obscure bookseller gratified him by putting forth accordingly; but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hog then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm; but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the Scots Magazine, which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These also failed to excite attention; but undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the "Minstrelsy," than he made up his mind that the Editor's "Imitations of the Ancients" were by no means what they should have been. "Immediately," he says, in one of his many memoirs of himself, "I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the Ancients myself." These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface. The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle-street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily, and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from "Mr. Scott," he advanced to "Shera," and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie,"—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott, as "Charlotte." P. 309

## The Gatherer.

*Nutmegs.*—That eternal scoundrel, that Captain John Allspice of Nahant, he used to trade to Charleston, and he carried a cargo ones there of fifty barrels of nutmegs: well, he put a half a bushel of good ones into each end of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the difference until *he bit one with his teeth*, and that he never thought of doing, until he was first *bit himself*.

*Sam Patch.*—That are man was a great diver, says the Clockmaker, and the last dive he took was off the falls of Niagara, and he was never heerd of agin till tother day, when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the Susy Ann Whaler, saw him in the South Sea. Why, says Captain Enoch to him, why Sam, says he, how on airth did you get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines. Why, says he, I didn't get *on* airth here at all, but I came right slap through it. In that are Niagara dive, I went so everlasting deep, I thought it was just as short to come up tother side, so out I came in those parts. If I dont take the shine off the Sea Serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch.—*The Clock-maker.*

*Wisdom.*—There are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others again, who blart right out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools.—*Ibid.*

*Little People.*—The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heel boots, and a high crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight most any one, to show he was a man every inch of him.—*Ibid.*

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